

Kirtu Presents

Maya

Episode 1:

**Dressed
to
Kill**

Script by: Dark Mark
Art by: Da Toy







That must be him.



Room 13.



Is it secure?

*Of course it's secure.
That's what I do.*

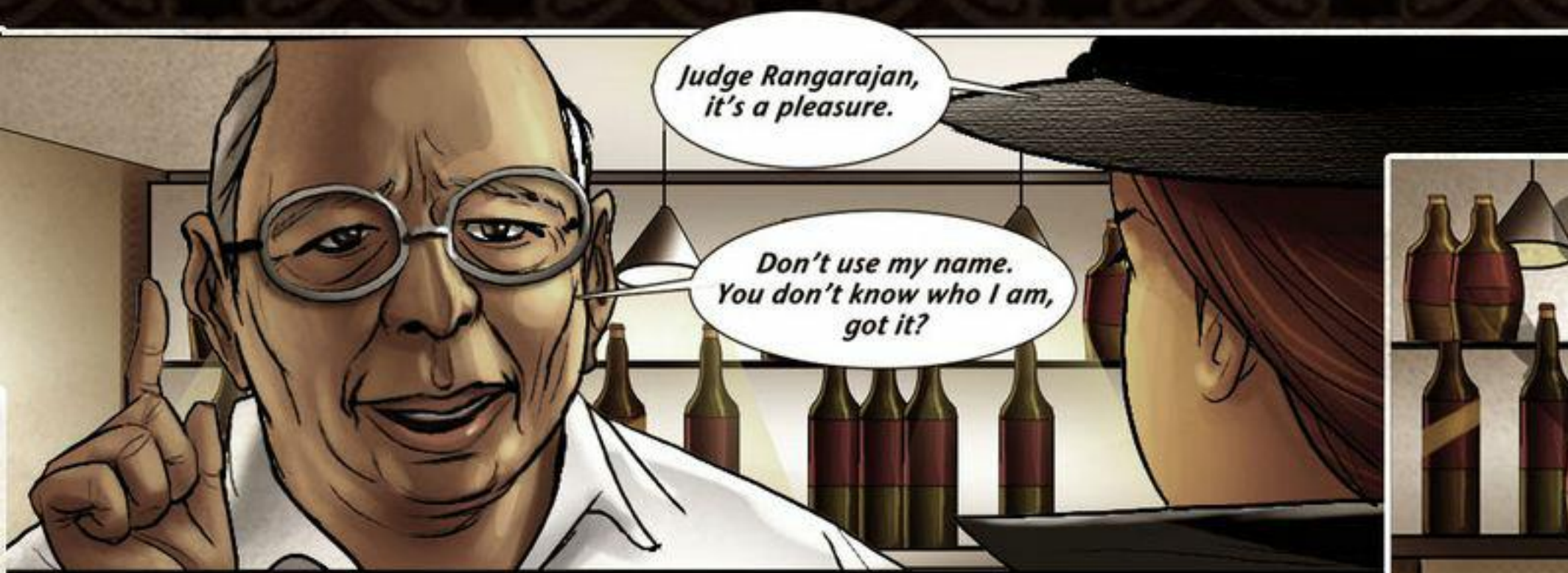


You don't mind if I smoke, do you?



A secret signal has been agreed upon beforehand.

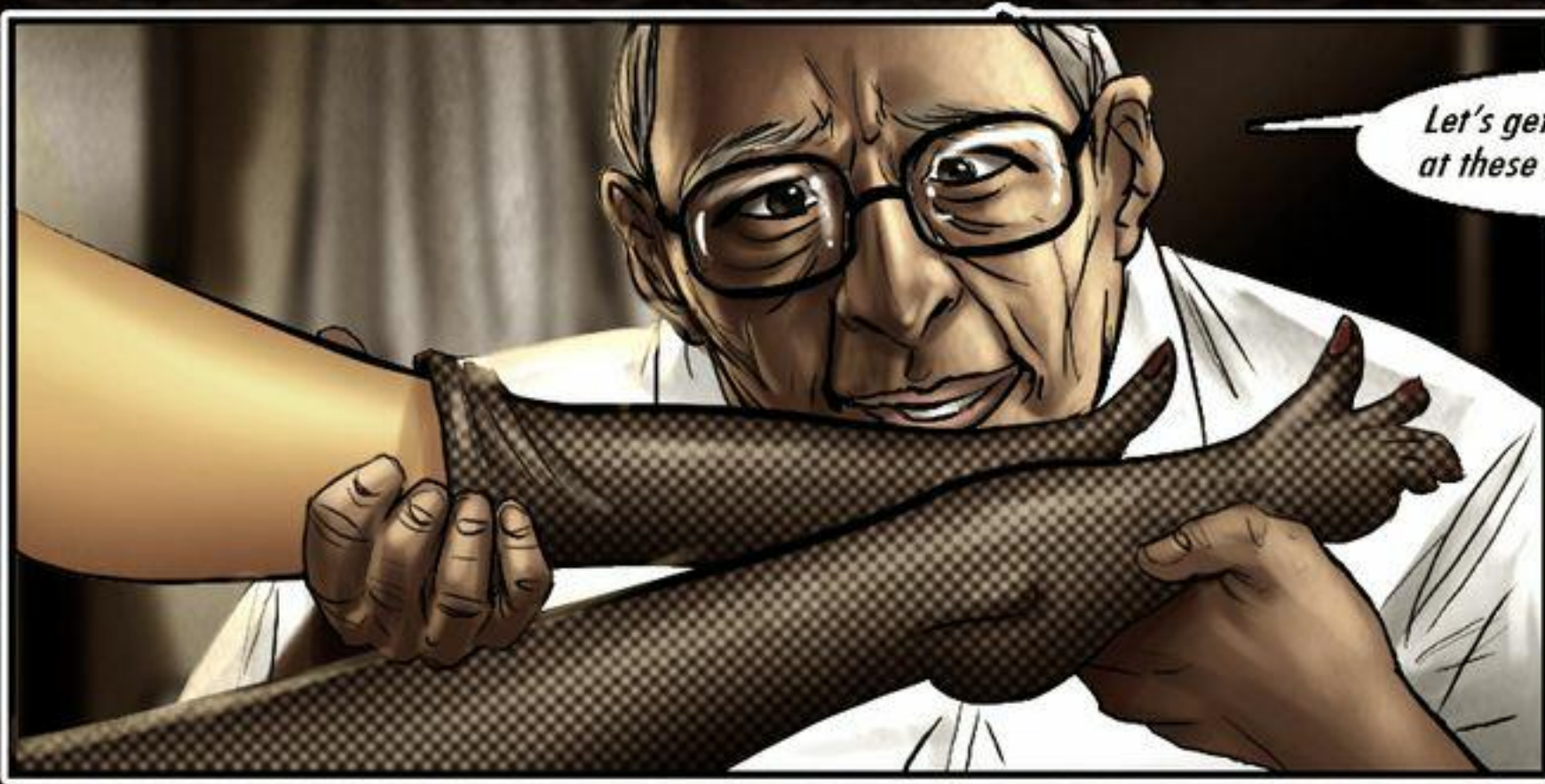




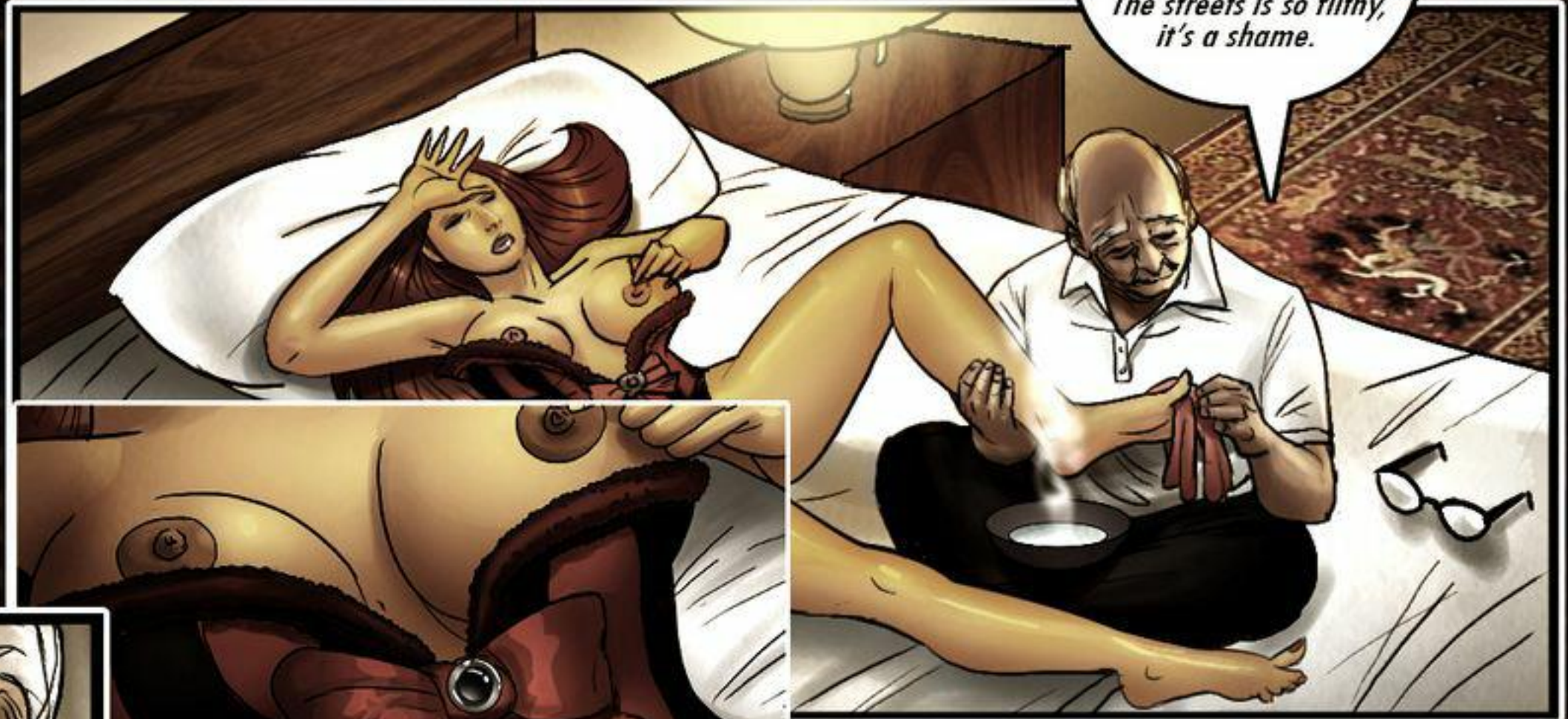


You bought them for the evening.
I don't see why not.

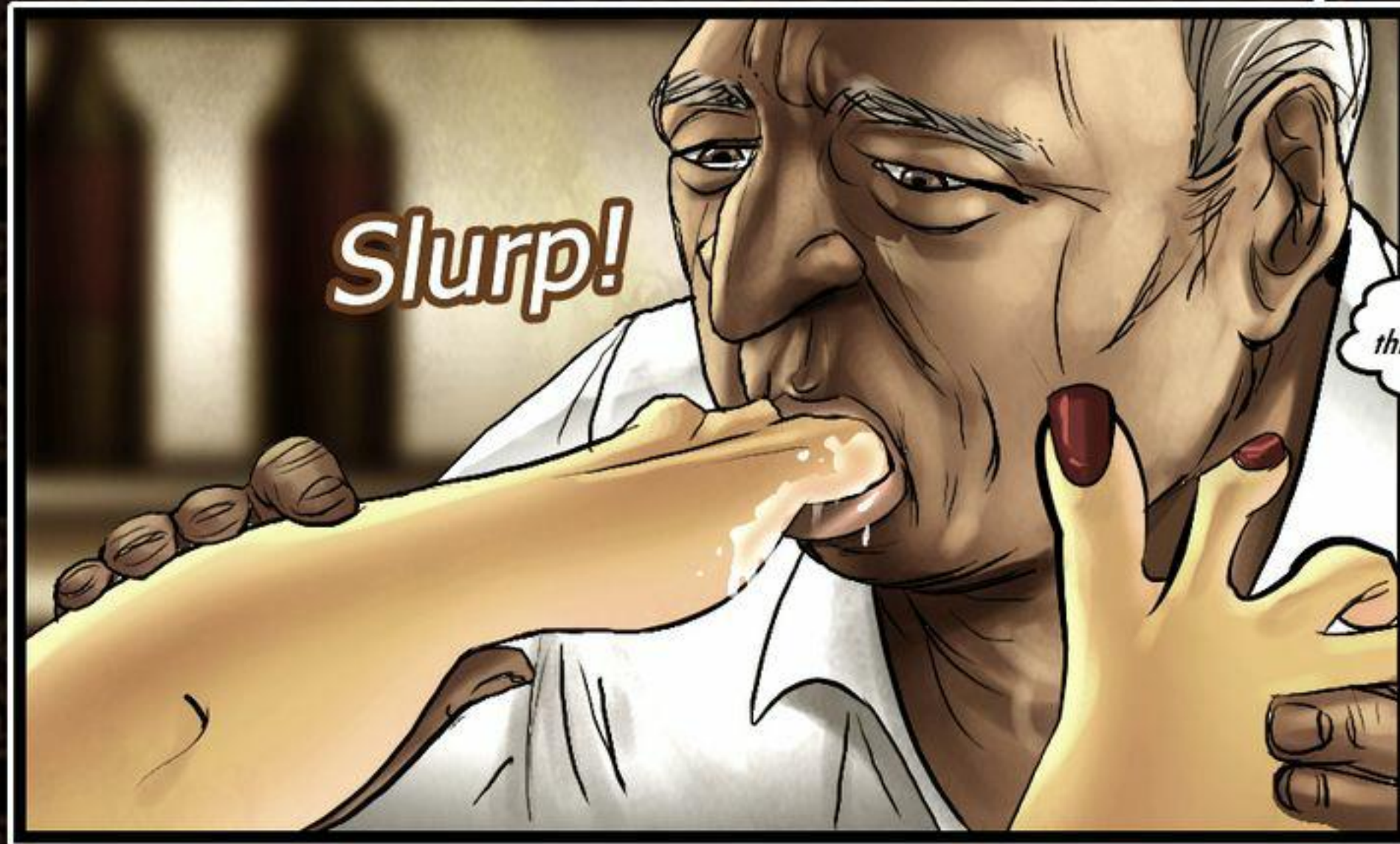




Let's get a better look at these beauties.



I hope your feet aren't too sensitive. But I simply must clean them. The streets is so filthy, it's a shame.



Slurp!

I hope he doesn't notice this is making me wet.



Ooooh, your honor, that feels exquisite.

A camera had been rigged into the bow.



Ah...
This is sublime.



I see I'm not
the only one with
a thing for feet.



Don't have too much fun, Maya.
Concentrate on the job.



Look at all that pre-cum, let me lick it off....







Tell me if it's too much...



*I've got all the photos I need.
But god, does he stretch
my pussy nicely!*





Arghhhh, those are the hottest feet I've ever fucked!



Sweet princess, you must allow me to clean up the mess I made on your wonderful hoofs.

No! D-don't stop... not just yet!



Wha?!?....



What's the hurry?
Stick around for a while...

I can't,
I-I have to...

have to what? Go suck some politician's
limp cock, you filthy whore?

Y-Yes.

Who is it?
Someone I know?

I won't tell you that.

That's a good girl.
Keep your mouth shut...

...or else I'll have to make another
hole right next to it!





Ah! Just where he said they'd be.



I don't suppose you'll tell me whom the photos are for....

Now why would you want to know that?

Curiosity?

Could only get you killed.

And you would never allow that to happen?

Never. I promised long ago to keep you safe.





Oh, I almost forgot...

What's this?

*The payment from Judge Rangarajan
for my services.*

Keep it. You earned it...

But that makes me just a...

What? A common whore?



But aren't I?

*You enjoy the work
too much, Maya.
Sometimes I think it is
you who should be
paying us.*



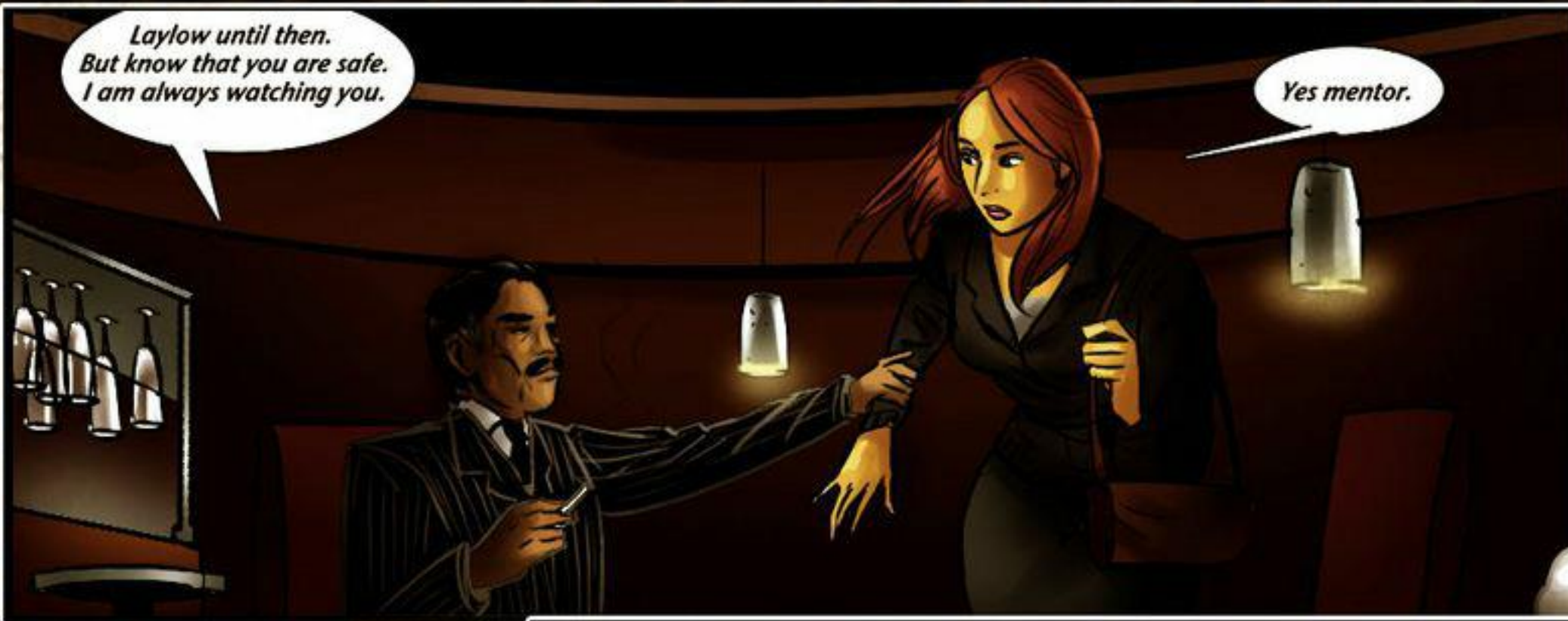
Inside the matchbook was scribbled an address and an hour...

*Oh-la-la, posh!-
-When?*

*Friday after next.
Fuck him or whatever tickles
his fancy.*



Just keep your eyes and ears open, report back.



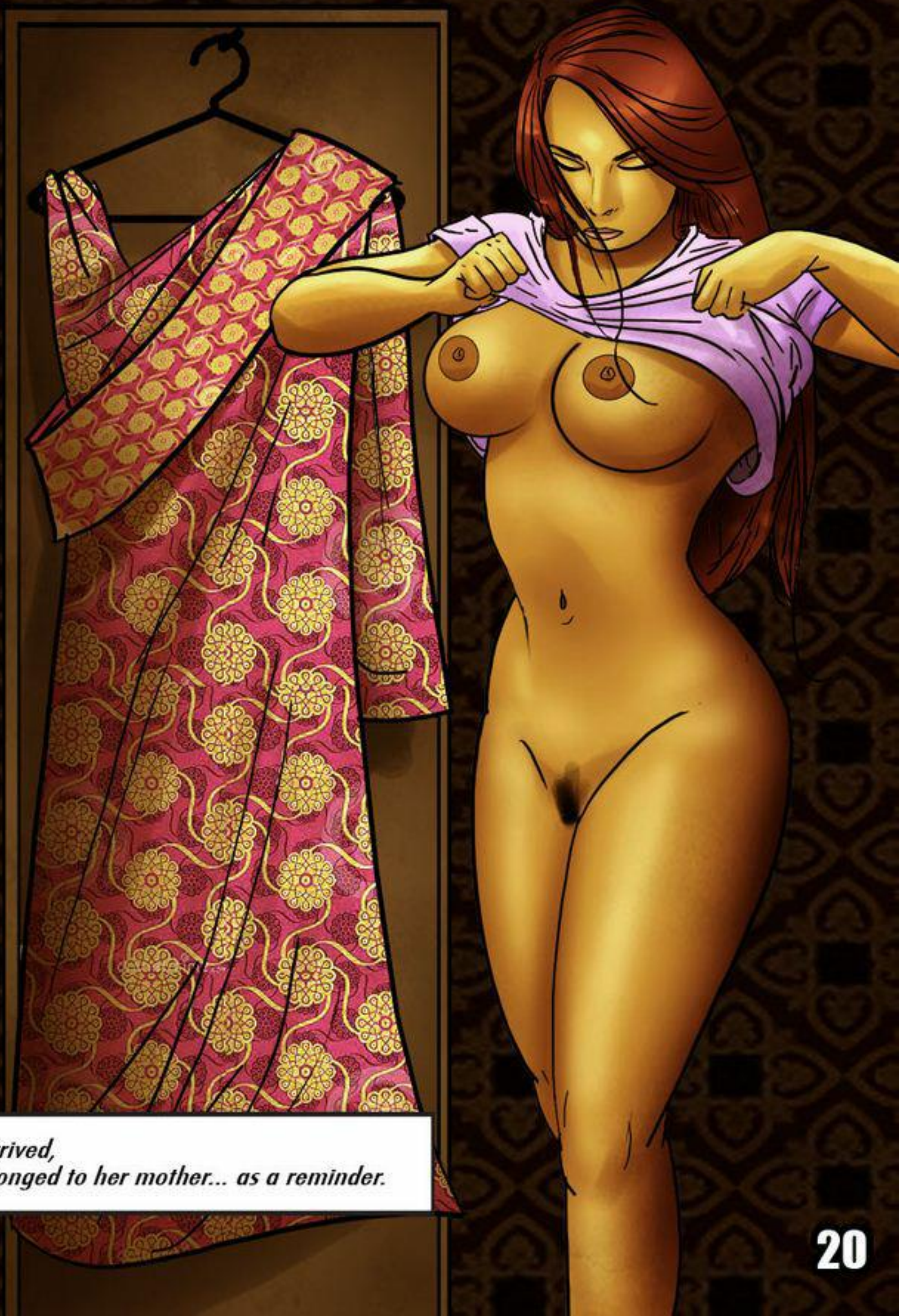
*I scrub everyday yet always
feel dirty.*



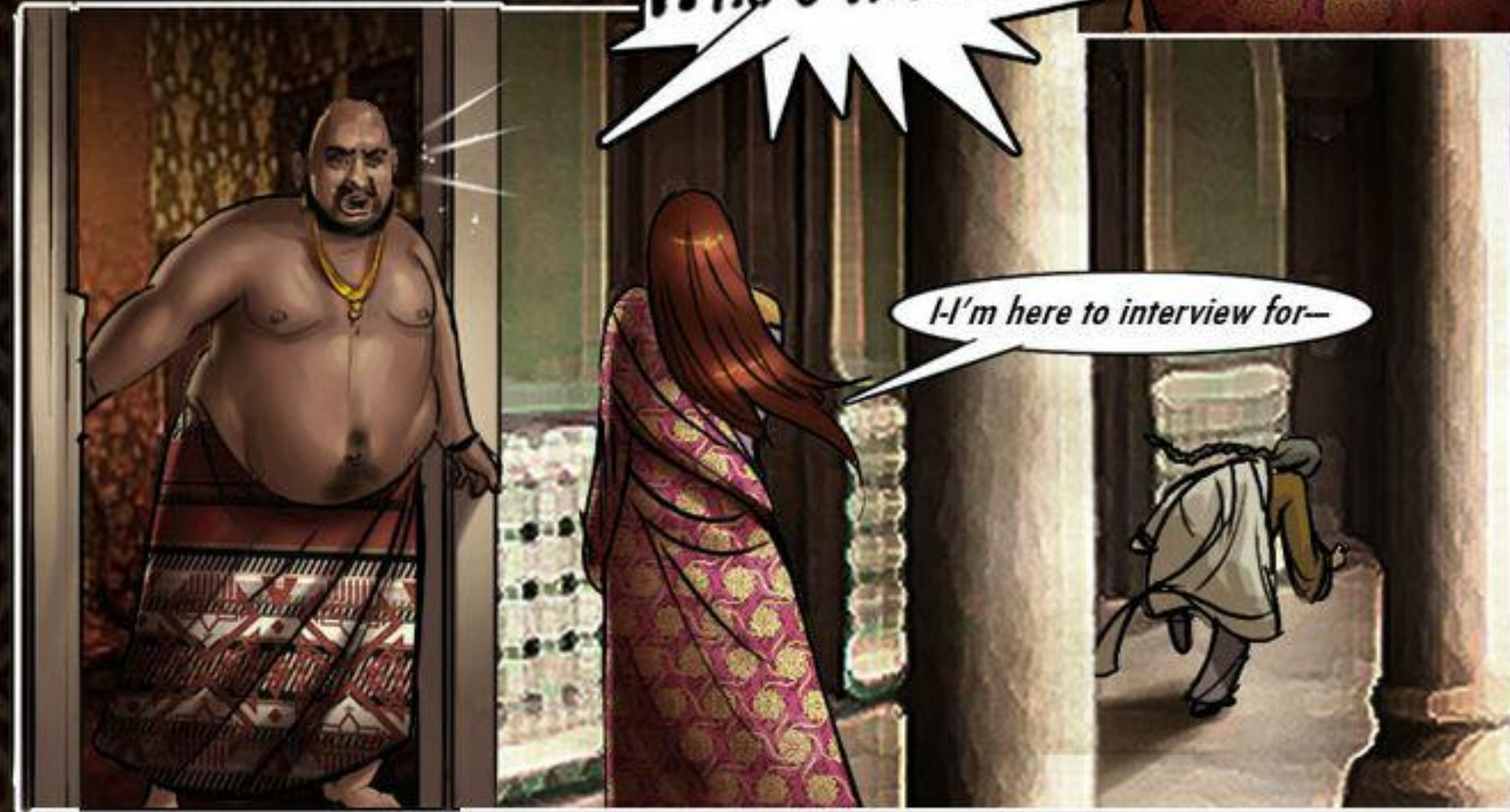
*I never thought a man's
foot would
make me cum!*



When the evening of her next job arrived, Maya chose to wear a saree that belonged to her mother... as a reminder.







Who's there?!!!

*That woman's an idiot.
Everytime I send for a
whore she thinks I'm
hiring her replacement.
HA HA HA!!!*

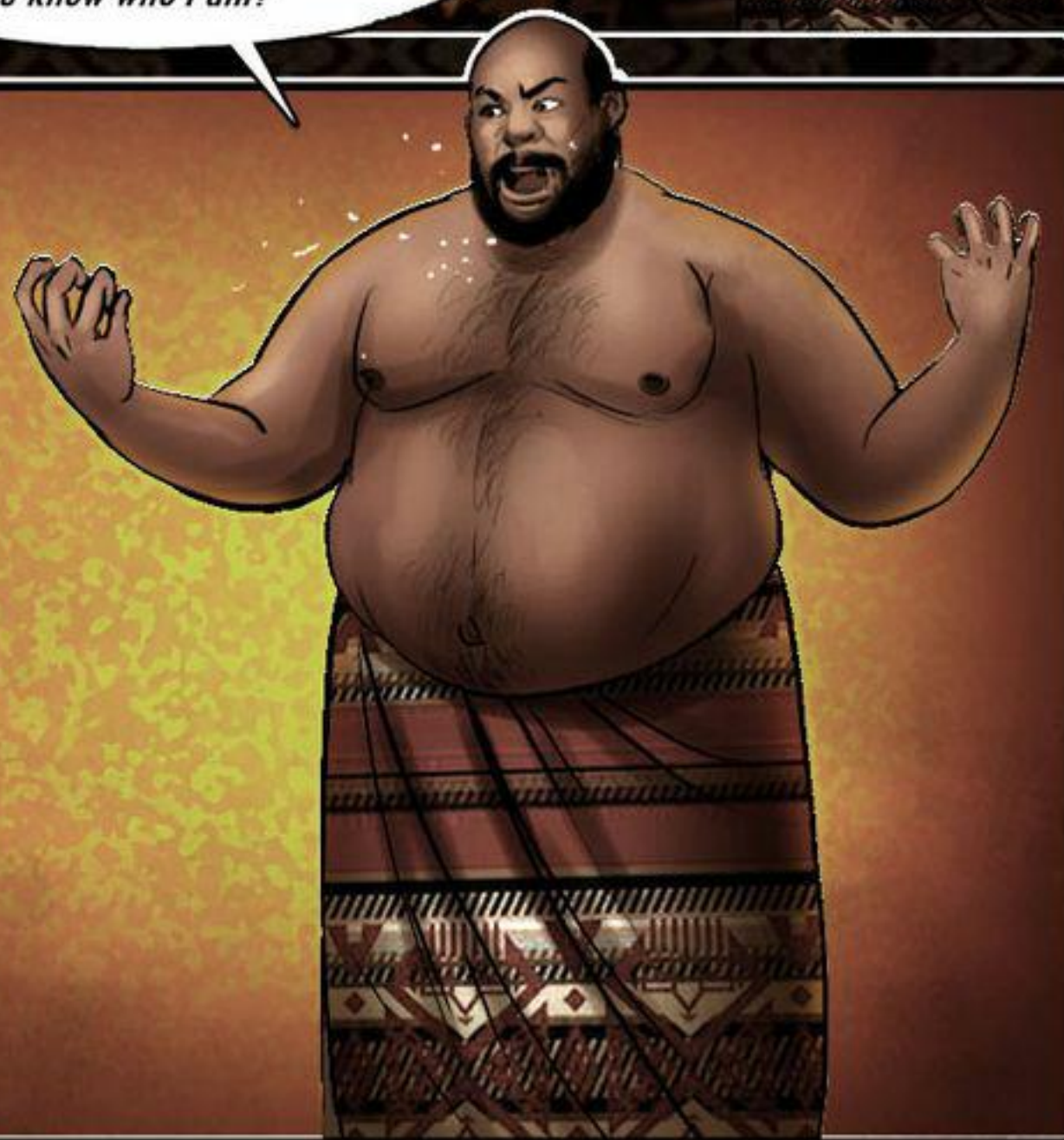


*Let's get a better look at you.
Get rid of those rags.*



NO!!!

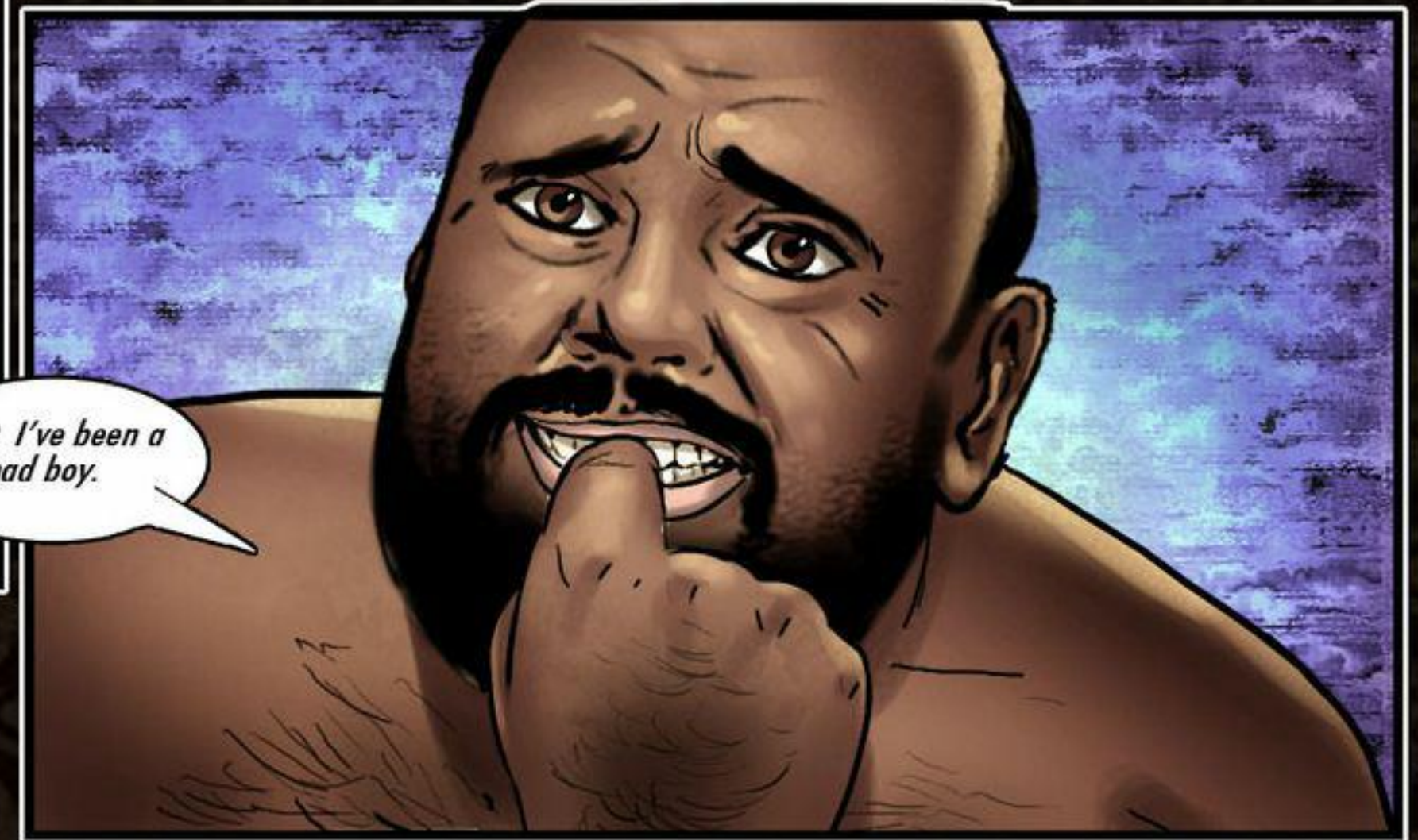
*What??! Do you have an
attachment to those peasant garments?
I'll get you another.
Don't you know who I am?*

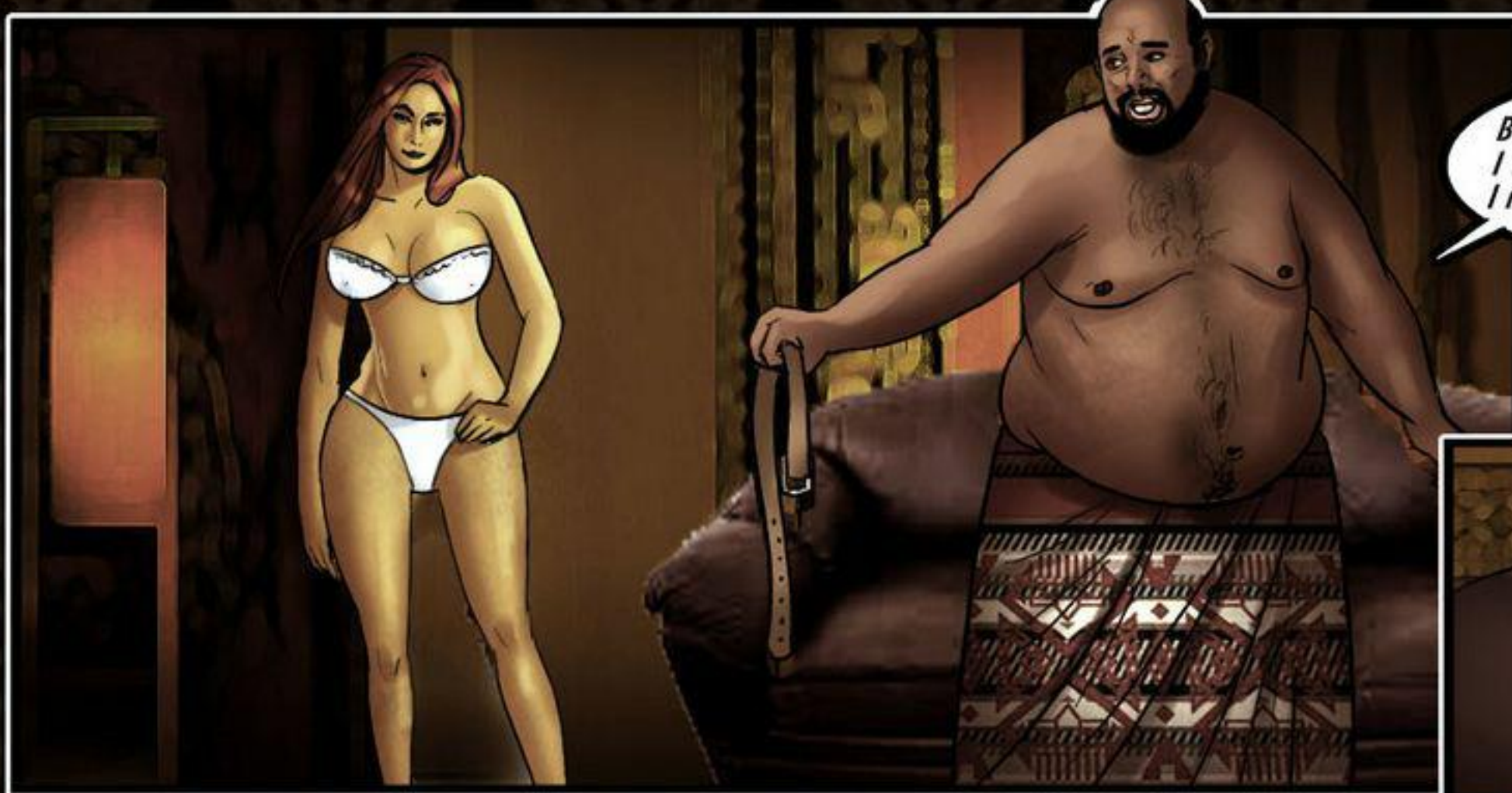


No.



*You gotta be kidding!
I own bharat Steel!
We supply the infrastructure of every
bridge and building from
here to Delhi!*





*But I understand...
I was disobedient so
I need to be spanked.*



*I need to be reminded
what a naughty boy
I am.*



*Oh, you'll remember what
a bastard you are after
I'm done with you.*

*I'm sorry, mummy.
I'll never do it again!*

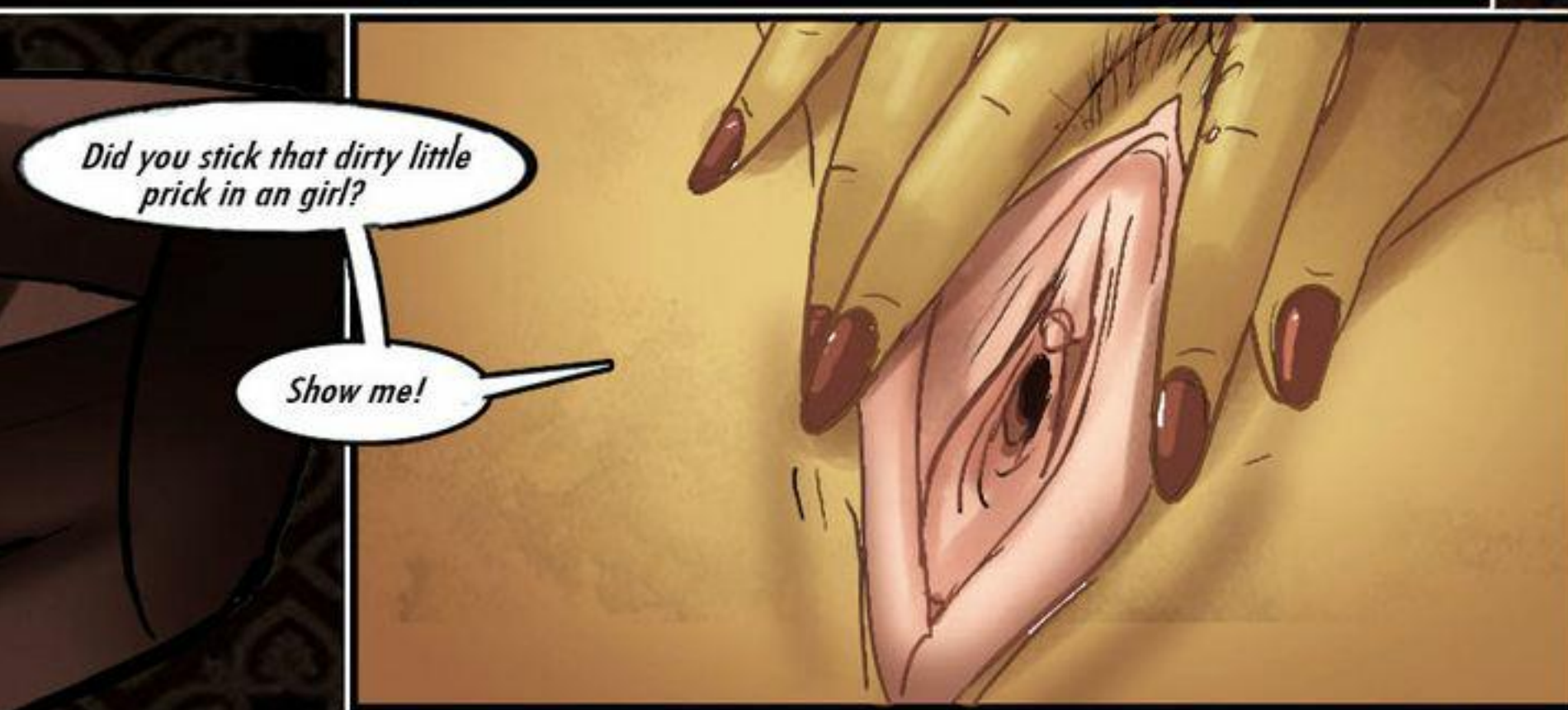


*Sorry for what?
Being a lying little bitch?*


*Please, mummy.
I said I'm sorry.*

Yes, mummy.










*Show me, goddamnit,
or I'll have to spank
you again!*

*You didn't,
you filthy little boy!*

I didn't mean to--



*I'll teach you a lesson.
Put it back in there. NOW!*





*This pervert can really fuck
once he gets started.*

*Don't stop now
Mr. Bharat Steel.*

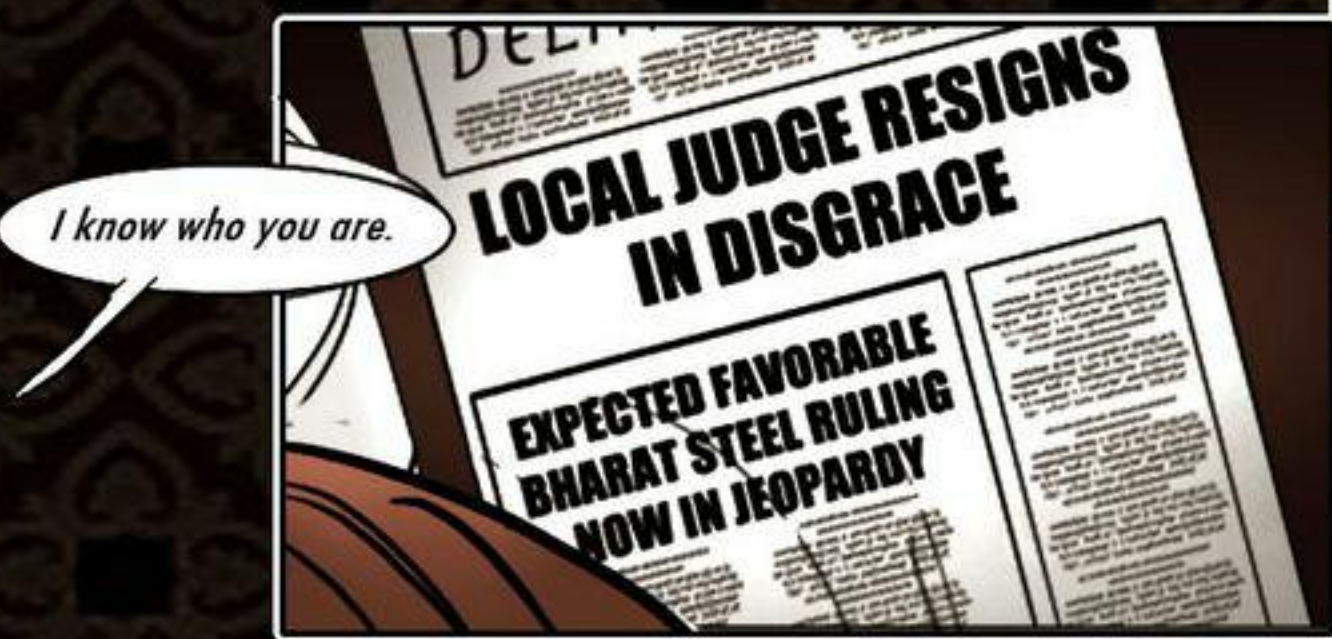
*I'm cumming,
take me in your
mouth!*



Cough!

Cough!







*You're a pretty good fuck...
...for a spy.*

*You mistake me for
someone else.*



*And it cost me a fortune
to get Judge Rangarajan
in my pocket.*

*I spend a lot of money
to make sure there are
no mistakes.*



*I don't know who you're
working for,
but I'm about to
find out.*





So tell me why you took those photos of Rangarajan, and I'll let you die quickly.



I apologize for putting you in this spot. We had nothing on Chatterjee until he just now admitted buying the judge.

But I kept my promise. I will always watch over you.





END